

Gone

by AnimalCops

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Summary: RED VS BLUE FIC - Leaving on missions always left Washington and York feeling lonely, so with the small amount of time they had before, they made sure to say goodbye.

1. Chapter 1

A/N from A.C.: This is going to be a collection of Yorkington (York/Wash) oneshots. Enjoy!_

Warnings: Possible OoCness, yaoi, possibly some man-smut in later chapters._

Wash had his arms tightly crossed against his chest, he looked to his fellow freelancer who was leaning in the doorway, hazel eyes slightly narrowed. York leaned against his left arm, which was on the door frame, as he smirked in Wash direction. "Hey, sweet-cheeks."

Wash laughed as he knelt on the hard concrete floor to start packing things into a small gym bag. "What're you doing here, York? I've got a mission to get ready for."

"Yeah, I know," York walked over to the other man, fingers running through the other agent's shaggy brown hair. "I just wanted to see ya before ya left."

Wash rose an eyebrow, "You have a mission too, don't you?"

"Yeah... so? Utah can wait as long as I want him to to bust into that massive covenant hideout..." He chuckled at his own sarcastic remark, making Wash laugh in turn, "Nah, I don't have to leave until tomorrow. By the way... I checked your file, and neither do you."

"My file...? Wait, those are confidential! How did you...?" Wash started to question him, but saw York's growing smirk and stopped himself in his tracks.

"There's no lock I can't get past, you know!" He laughed, falling back to lay on Wash's cot, his legs crossed and his arms folded behind his head as a make-shift pillow..

"So I've noticed..." Wash chuckled softly and got up from his spot on the floor to get a few personal things he wanted to keep with him for the mission so far away from the base. "Wasn't my door locked just a few minutes ago?"

"Heh, yep. But, ya know, if I need to see you, I'll see you!" York chuckled and Washington could practically hear the smirk in his voice. "I can break into anything!"

So full of himself, Wash thought with a shake of his head. _He's lucky I love him so much or I'd deck him._

The recovery agent rolled his eyes and mumbled as he kept packing for his mission. "Yeah, yeah, yeah..."

York sighed, rolling off the bed to sit up on his knees on the floor, watching the other man before he got to his feet and walked over to the recovery agent. He put his right hand on Wash's shoulder and smiled his special heart warming smile, "I've gotta go pack too."

Wash got to his feet and bent closer to York, pressing their lips together. He pressed his tongue into the other's mouth, moaning softly. York moaned and wrapped his arms around Wash's neck, deepening the kiss, letting the love of his life map out his wet cavern. The recovery agent's tongue explored York's mouth, his senses overflowing with the feel, smell, and taste of his partner. The other man's tongue came up to meet Wash's shyly yet eagerly, wanting his own taste of his partner. He tried to swallow a moan and failed miserably, letting the sound pass from one agent to the other.

York broke the kiss with a soft gasp and pulled away from Wash, "I've gotta go, love... I'll see you when we both come back?"

Wash nodded, getting back on his knees and returning to his packing, "Yeah, see you then."

The recovery agent heard York's footsteps head away from him and the room's door closed, he sighed, falling to sit on his butt on the hard concrete. It's gonna be a long mission away from home...

2. Chapter 2

**A/N from A.C.: Oh, little drabbles... how I love thee. XD**

York lay on the cot in his commandeered home, he stared tiredly at the ceiling fan going in slow circles above his head. It moved slowly as he hummed quietly to himself, willing himself to sleep, just wanting to fall into the dark abyss and see his lover's face. He put a hand behind his head and one over his unclothed chest, trying to get comfortable as the insomnia continued to curse him. He let his eyelids fall closed in an unconscious attempt to sleep, letting out one long hum.

Wash stepped into the room quietly, watching York sleep peacefully, his chest rising and falling with the even breaths of sleep. Wash moved closer, sitting on the bed next to York. The freelancer groaned in his sleep, as Wash lay next to him. The recovery agent turned to face the other man as York cuddled up to his chest and let out a sigh.

Wash let a smile play across his features as he toyed with York's hair, "York...? York, wake up."

The other man groaned again tucking his face between Wash's chest and a pillow, not wanting to meet the real world.

"York, wake up... get up..."

York shifted, the one gray and one hazel eye opening and blinking off key. He mumbled and rubbed a hand against his eyes to fight off the sleep. "W- Wash? What're you doing here so late?"

"I'm going on a separate mission tomorrow, I wanted to see you one last time before I left..." The recover agent smiled in the near darkness of the room.

That single statement seemed to wake York right up; he lay on his side using an arm to prop himself up and looked up at his lover, smiling softly in thanks of the visit. Wash reached out and stroked his hair again, the silky locks drifting along his fingers and falling back to rest in place. The smaller freelancer reached out with his free hand and caressed the recovery agent's cheek lovingly, stroking his cheek with the pad of his thumb. Washington simply melted into the touch and moved his hand to the back of York's head bringing him into a passionate kiss.

The freelancer complied with Wash's silent order and pushed his tongue through closed lips, Wash moaned and pushed against York's form. The recovery agent pushed him back onto the cot so he was lying on York's chest, hands holding the younger man close to keep the kiss going. Both pairs of eyes fluttered closed, relishing the last night that they would be together for a while. York's hand strayed to Wash's torso, he pushed his hands up and under the gray tee shirt and skimmed over hard muscles that practically had the locksmith drooling. The recovery agent arched into York's touch, moaning softly at the feeling of warm hands on his freezing skin.

Why the hell didn't York have a heater?

York whimpered a bit as Wash pulled back, he licked down the freelancer's neck, giving small nips to the tanned skin as he went. The locksmith groaned and gripped the bedsheets, he gasped as Wash's biting mouth traveled onto his chest. A tongue skimmed the toned muscles causing the younger agent to moan and arch up into the touch.

The smaller agent's hands quickly moved to latch onto Wash's brown hair, weaving into the thin locks, "Wash... don't... don't stop..."

"Now, York..." Wash smirked, raising himself back up to brush lips against York's neck lightly, "Why would I stop?"

Wash found York's lips again, sucking and nibbling on his bottom lip. The younger man moaned, giving the recovery agent the perfect opportunity to push his tongue through the slightly parted lips. Wash's hands traveled to York's arms tracing gently over each tattoo as he remembered them. York's sudden gasp as he ground their hips together caused the kiss to break and the younger man to toss his head back.

Wash smirked, watching how responsive his lover was being, now this will be a memorable night.

3. Chapter 3

A/N from A.C.: Hoorah! Added to this finally. XD Enjoy. Tell me what you think, everyone~_

"Too freakin' cold!" York grumbled to himself and huddled under the moth-eaten blankets, pulling them as close as he could to his body. He tried to stay warm as a rush of chilly air ran over him; the tree he was against did nothing to block the wind. He coughed violently and cursed to himself. "Why the hell did I volunteer to take this mission...? I'm such a dumbassâ€|"

He tossed the blanket back and sat up. A sigh parted his lips. The tan and silver armor was getting uncomfortable to sleep in. He took off his helmet and ruffled the auburn hair that hid beneath it. The freelancer unlatched his chest plate next before removing the armor for his back and shoulders, leaving them in a nice pile next to him. York carefully took off the plates that lined his arms and set them down as well.

He leaned back against the tree, whispering to himself, "Can't fuckin' sleep..."

A voice came from behind him, nearly causing him to pull his pistol out if he hadn't recognized the voice almost immediately, "Why not, love?"

York nearly jumped out of his skin upon hearing the voice. Wash suddenly appeared next to the shocked agent, crouching down on the ground and taking his helmet off to set it on the ground beside him. "Wash!" His yelp was more in shock than in anger, though his voice still carried that tone.

The recovery agent just grinned, "Why can't you sleep?"

"Wash? What're you doing here?"

"Checking up on you."

"Wash... I'm fine; I don't need checking up on." He rolled his hazel eyes, "I'm a grown man."

The recovery agent chuckled softly, playfulness sparkling in his eyes. "I want to make sure you're safe, you knowâ€| to be sure you're gonna last in this weatherâ€|. In this case, I wanna make sure... you're warm..."

"What're you suggesting...?"

"Whatever you want me to be suggesting, York."

The freelancer grinned and brought a hand to Wash's cheek, caressing his face, his thumb stroking the slightly stubbled skin. He could tell that the man had been away from a razor for a little while. York leaned in, claiming the other man's lips with his own. The recovery agent gasped with sudden shock and York took his chance to push his tongue past the other's lips. Wash moaned and tangled his hands into the silky auburn hair, causing York to tilt his head as he deepened their kiss.

York pulled away bringing a soft whimper from his partner. "Wash... we can't... can't here..."

"Why not?" An evil smirk spread on his features. "There's no one around..."

Wash bent down slightly, crashing their lips together once more. A lustful groan tore from York's mouth and flooded into the kiss. The recovery agent smiled into the other's mouth and pulled away to lick down York's neck, his tongue brushing a sensitive spot just as a hand travelled down the locksmith's chest. York groaned, his back arching a little into the touch.

"Davidâ€¦ you're going to have to get us out of our armorâ€¦"

"I can do that, York. Trust me."

Faster than the younger brunet could comprehend, they were both nude under the large tree, their lips locked in a deep kiss. The recovery agent wrapped a hand around York's hard member and stroked him slowly, rubbing his thumb over the slip, spreading the pre-come around the organ's head. The locksmith gave a low moan, his head leaning back against the old bark of the tree. He moved his hands to tangle through Washington's brown locks and pushed his head down gently.

"I need your mouth, Davidâ€¦"

—

York woke in a cold sweat. He jolted upright off the slumped position he was in. He looked around...

"No...? No Wash. It was just a dream..."

The freelancer was still on his mission, the very one he dreamed about. He shuddered and stood up, mind growing dizzy from the sudden movement. He looked down at himself and blushed at the fact that he could feel his erection rubbing against the under armor and the metal of the codpiece.

"Wash will get a kick outta that. Can't wait to tell him." York chuckled to himself as he began to strap on the rest of his armor. "â€¦. Maybe he'd like to try itâ€¦ Nawâ€¦ stupid."

**A/N from A.C.: This is a drabble from a long time agoâ€¦ I still think it's kinda funny though.**

"I look ridiculousâ€¦." York complained looking down at his new outfit, "Do I really have to go through with this?"

"York, you said you'd do 'er a favor and you owe it to herâ€¦ Sadlyâ€¦" Wash covered his mouth with a hand, stifling his laughter in addition to his words. "She chose that you have to embarrass yourself after allâ€¦"

"Seriously? Why'd I need Allison's help on that mission? I could've just asked youâ€¦"

"Dude, you'd want me to flirt with the fucking mob boss when you tried to get away with the stolen stuffâ€¦? Yeah," He laughed, "That'd last long."

York shoved a fluffy gloved hand against Wash's chest, pushing him back a little. "I'd rather take that risk than this one!"

Wash lightly pushed him back, snickering still, "Come on man, you look great as a giant pale green bunnyâ€¦"

York crossed his arms against the fuzzy suit. "Hey, would you want me laughing if you were the one in the suit?"

"No," He laughed again. "But that's not the point. You're the one in the suit!"

York felt his lips turn down in a slight frown and turned away childishly. It almost caused Wash to burst out into laughter. When he turned, the big green bunny ears on his head wiggled and the little white bushy tail on his green fuzzy bottom swished side to side. The recovery agent covered his mouth with his hand again stifling a low chuckle, snorting a little.

Wash reached out to the fuzzy rabbit, or rather, the man in the costume. He put his hand on the shoulder in front of him, his finger stroking along the fur. "Hmâ€¦.fuzzyâ€¦"

He turned York around forcefully, his lips curved up in a smirk. Wash traced his hand down the fuzzy green chest of the suit, fingers deftly tracing over the soft faux fur. York felt the blood racing to his faceâ€¦ as well as other placesâ€¦

"W-what're you do-?" York was cut off by Wash's lips pressed to his own. York grabbed a fistful of Washington's shaggy brown hair, and held tight as his tongue explored the locksmith's mouth. The recovery agent slid his tongue around the dark caverns of York's mouth, tasting his unique taste, licking up all he could. The smaller man pulled away from the recovery agent, panting softly.

"I-I can'tâ€¦. need to get to Texâ€¦." He said shakily. Wash's hand slid to the back of the suit, reaching for the zipper. He pulled it down tantalizingly slow.

"So you can embarrass yourself?" Wash questioned in a husky voice. He saw York slowly nod his head. "You are right nowâ€¦"

Tex lowered the sniper rifle and shook her head. "This is the last time I offer to help someoneâ€|"

5. Chapter 5

**A/N from A.C.: This is an AU one. And ho mah gawd there's mansmut. Epical amounts of OoC.**

"What? Tex, no!"

"York, I set you up on a date because I care." She replied.

"The last three people you set me up with were either creepy transvestites or snobby rich girls!" He squawked, his one hazel eye narrowing.

"Well this one isn't like either of those! He's really smart, outgoing, and all that other junk you like!"

York crossed his arms over his chest, nearly pouting, "He? I'm guessing you set me up with some ugly nerd then."

Tex put an arm around her friends shoulder and smiled, "No, no. Bookworm maybe, not nerd. Don't worry, either, buddy. I made sure he was a total hottie!"

York broke away from her hold and walked toward his dresser to get a clean shirt. He let out a sigh and just grabbed a simple black tee shirt with a band logo on it, stripping out of his dirty one and pulling on the clean one.

"Oh!" Tex gasped, "I never even asked you! Do you prefer guys or girls?"

York blushed. "Err... I'm starting to prefer guys... girls have too much drama for me." He brushed his fingers through auburn locks trying to get them to stay down evenly.

Tex scoffed at the comment, replying sarcastically, "Gee, thanks, York. Now I feel oh so happy about being female."

"Err, nothing against you, Tex. Now... when do I need to go?"

She looked at her watch and smiled at him, causing a slight shudder to run up his spine at the almost evil glint in her eyes, "You're 5 minutes early if you leave right now!" She pushed him out the door of his apartment nearly making him fall down the stone stairs. "Remember, you're meeting at that coffee shop down the road, get some money before you go. I set everything up. Have fun, Yorky-poo!"

"Don't call me..." He blinked in shock when she slammed the door in his face. "...that..."

YWYWYWYWYWYW

"Are you York?"

Said man looked up to the source of the voice. The other man had

shaggy brown hair and chocolate brown eyes, tan flawless skin. He looked far different from the bookworm that York had imagined when Tex spoke about him. Definitely attractive. Definitely how did Tex put it? A hottie.

York blushed lightly, "Yeah... that's me."

"Well, a girl named Tex told me to meet you here for a date..?"

"Yeah, she did. Listen, I'm sorry, she's just trying to set me up with someone and-"

The man laughed, "No, no. It's fine." He took a seat across from York at the small table and smiled softly, the action seemed foreign to his features. "My friend did the same for me. 'S why I'm here."

York let out a laugh. "Okay, well in order to be polite, even though you already know it, the name's York."

"Call me Wash. Nice to meet you."

York nodded and offered to buy Wash a drink, but the man refused and bought both himself and York one instead. The brunette smiled and handed the auburn-haired his drink.

York blushed again, "Th-Thanks." He cursed himself silently at his stuttering.

"Heh, no problem. So, tell me about yourself, York. I haven't been on the dating scene in a while, and I know it's probably not polite to ask, but I'm curious about that scar of yours."

York brought a hand to the scar that marred the skin over his left eye. "Oh... Well, I'm your basic guy... Going back to college now for a better degree. As for the scar... let's just say I didn't live in a very nice neighborhood."

Wash nodded understanding that the other man did not want to talk about how he lost the sight in that eye, though the other was still a bit curious.

"What about you?"

"What about me?" Wash chuckled softly.

Smiling softly, the younger man replied, "Tell me something about yourself."

"I'm on leave from the military." The brunette man gave a slight nod.

York looked down at the table, blushing a tiny bit. 'Ohhh... Tex scored a military man... She knows I love a man in uniform'

Wash smirked, watching the other's reaction to his statement, 'Man, this'll be easy.'

The brunette smiled as York looked up, "Hey, do you wanna come back

to my place, an' have a lil' fun?"

York flushed, "I-I haven't in... years..."

"It's fine. If you don't want to, I understand."

"No! I... I want to... I just..."

Wash grabbed York by the arm, threw money on the table and dragged the other man out of the small café. He walked up to the sleek black motorcycle parked in front of the shop and tossed the helmet at York. The younger man caught it easily and blinked.

"What about you?"

Wash rolled his eyes, "Don't worry about me. Get it on and get on the bike." He chuckled and straddled the bike, gripping the handles, waiting for York to get on before driving off to his apartment.

YWYWYWYWYWYWYW

Wash pushed York against his mattress, pulling the tee shirt up and over his head. The brunette nearly purred at the well-defined chest and abs of the younger man. He ran his hands over pale skin, smiling as a shudder racked the body under him. His hands trailed lower, moving to rest on the younger man's wide hips.

"Rather sensitive are we?" Wash questioned as he leaned down to plant little kisses on the other's neck.

York felt himself get harder under Wash's touches, his hips rocking up, whining softly as he felt the other man push his hips back against the bed. He moaned and arched his back as the brunette's hand moved so slowly and touched him through the fabric of his pants. Wash captured his lips in a heated kiss, tongue sweeping along his lower lip and entering the foreign cavern as access was admitted to him. The auburn-haired willingly let the tongue sweep the inside of his mouth, groaning deeply as the other man tasted every inch of his mouth.

A gasp forced itself from York's lips as Wash started grinding against him, their covered members rubbing against each other, sending waves of wonderful friction through both of their bodies. The younger man's head fell back against the mattress and Wash smirked, rocking his hips a little faster against the other's.

The brunette moved himself to whisper in the other's ear, "Why don't we work on getting you used to this again?"

York moaned senselessly, nodding his head slowly, "Yes!"

Within moments, Wash stripped them of their clothes. York was too far gone in his own world of sexual pleasure to realize whose clothing was going first. Once they were both fully nude, Wash pressed three fingers to the younger man's lips.

York took the fingers in and licked at the tips before sucking on them evenly. He spread his legs willingly and moaned around the digits in his mouth as Wash got between his spread limbs. He opened

his mouth tongue pushing at the fingers impatiently.

Wash removed his fingers from the other's mouth and smirked, positioning one slicked digit at the younger man's entrance. He pushed it past the slightly resisting muscle of the man beneath him, understanding completely that he hadn't been taken in quite a while. York moaned loudly at the stretching feeling.

The brunette's eyes sparkled, "A masochistâ€|?"

He moaned louder as Wash entered him with another finger, stretching his entrance in preparation for something very much so larger. The younger man nodded slowly, his hazel eye meeting Wash's from under a heavy lid. "Pleaseâ€| it feels so goodâ€|"

"What do you want, York?"

"Youâ€|" The young auburn-haired man moaned, "Insideâ€|"

A smirk flickered over the older man's lips and he aligned himself with the other's entrance. He pushed his hips forward slightly, moaning as the York's inner muscles pulled him in a touch faster than he managed to push inside. Once he was fully seated within the other, he rolled his hips, pushing against the younger man's prostate.

A soft cry was drawn from York's lips as pleasure spread through his body. "W- Wash!"

Wash gripped the young man's hips tightly and pushed hard inside him before pulling out and repeating the action over and over, gaining speed as he went. His head leaned back, moaning in pleasure as he felt York clench around him, his muscles practically clawing at his release, drawing him closer to the edge.

"Cl- Close!" York cried, reaching down to touch himself, "Wash!"

The older man groaned, pushing in as far as he could go as those already tight muscles clenched around his erect member even more. "Dear Fuckâ€|"

A scream was ripped from the younger man's throat as Wash pushed hard against his prostate. Ribbons of white erupted from the auburn-haired man's member, coating his stomach in sticky lines.

Wash moaned loudly, rocking his hips slowly as he rode out his orgasm, "Yorkâ€|." He let out a deep breath, pleasure spreading through his body at the thought of his seed painting the younger man's insides.

"W- Washâ€| Thatâ€| That was amazingâ€|" York panted, trying to get his breathing back to normal and the fog to clear from his mind.

"Pleaseâ€|. Call me Davidâ€|"

6. Chapter 6

_*A/N from A.C.: This oneâ€| was fun to write. XD I wrote it when I was in the middle of a black out a few years ago. My laptop had

battery and Word still worked! So why not write some Wash/York?*_

"Ughâ€¦" Wash grumbled as he searched for a flashlight. "Can't believe we lost powerâ€¦ _again_â€¦ Every time we have the smallest storm-"

York turned to look at the other agent in growing darkness, his eyes rolling even though the other man couldn't see him. "Giant snow storm, Wash, what'd you think would happen?"

Wash pulled a flashlight out of a kitchen drawer, "There we go!" He flicked the switch on the flashlight and gave a heavy groan, bringing a hand up to run through his hair in frustration. "No batteries!"

"Wash, clam down. We just need to find some batteries. It's simple enough." York looked half-heartedly to Wash then looked at the drawer he was shuffling through, straining to see what he was pulling out of the drawer. "Tapeâ€¦.scissorsâ€¦. 9 voltsâ€¦. Triple Aâ€¦ Wash, what kind of batteries does the flashlight need?"

Wash looked at the light, attempting to determine the battery size, and sighed. "Double A. We have any?"

York shuffled through the drawer a bit longer, accidentally knocking things out and onto the floor, and suddenly shouted, "YES! Found some double A! One, two, three, four, fiveâ€¦ Five of 'em. How many you need?"

"Just two. Thanks," Wash responded putting the batteries in and flicking on the light. He growled when it didn't work and shook the flashlight once watching as the light flickered to life. "I think the power may be out for quite a while."

York sighed lightly, "No power means no heat."

Wash smirked in the dark, "Mmmâ€¦ Hmmmâ€¦."

York groaned and collapsed in a chair nearby, flopping onto the plush with a w_hmph_ of air. He stretched his legs out in front of him and rested his head on his shoulder. "It's gonna be a long and fuckin' cold nightâ€¦"

Wash flashed the light on York, watching as the younger man closed his eyes in reaction. "Well, duh." He sighed heavily, "We're gonna be real bored tooâ€¦" He added a suggestive tone to his voice, the flashlight moving away from the auburn-haired male's face and onto his chest.

When the light moved out of his eyes, York raised an eyebrow in question, watching as Wash ran a hand through his messy brown hair. A silent question was passed between the two.

"Just sayingâ€¦ We're going to be boredâ€¦" Wash shrugged, with a sly smile, trying to sound even more suggestive than before. He took a few steps closer to York and stopped. York looked around the room, even though they were on leave and in their private apartment, and then looked back to Wash.

"Wait, are you suggesting what I think you are?" York gasped softly, eyes growing wide.

Wash's smile grew wider and spoke softly, "Maybe I amâ€¦ maybe I'm notâ€¦"

He stepped closer and York sat up and pressed himself farther into his chair.

"Wait... wh-what are you doing?"

"I'm getting rid of my boredom, what does it look like?" Wash replied hotly, his tongue darting out to lick his dry lips. He leaned in and captured York's lips with his own. He pressed the locksmith roughly into soft deep blue plush chair and let out a deep moan into the other's mouth. York arched up against the other's heated chest as his tongue slid past plump pink lips. York grabbed a fistful of the bigger man's dark brown hair and held on as if his life depended on it.

Wash smiled and nipped lightly at York's lower lip, worrying the flesh between his teeth. The smaller man groaned and arched up into Wash again, his leg moving on its own accord to wrap firmly around the older man's waist, tugging him down. The brunette took a seat on the other's lap, straddling his waist, never breaking their lips' contact. Wash pressed himself into York and smiled against his plump lips before pulling away, trailing his tongue down the younger man's jaw and collarbone, occasionally biting gently at the tender, warm skin.

York gasped and panted out, "Since... it's gonnaâ€¦ get coldâ€¦".

Wash gave a little, "Mmmâ€¦" to confirm he was listening.

"Iâ€¦ I've got body heatâ€¦" A flush spread across his cheeks in the darkness of the room.

Wash smiled again and pushed his hands up and under York's tee shirt, tracing over his muscles, purring as the younger man arched eagerly into his touch, "Don't they say that when you need to stay warmâ€¦ you get naked and fuck your boyfriend's brains out?"

"Iâ€¦ don't think that's the saying, Washâ€¦"

End
file.